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"I *wont* philosophize and *will* be read."
BYRON.

JOURNAL OF THE POLYGLOT CLUB.—NO. II.

THE Polyglot Club, "ever anxious to gratify," were in no small degree surprised, not to say chagrined, in finding that the scheme, which "a merciful spirit of philanthropy" had suggested to them as being the most effective for relieving the anxious and distressing curiosity of their patrons, had not met with better success. They had flattered themselves, but too fondly as it appears, that a plain, unequivocal statement of the whole form and texture of their internal policy, the name and nature of their association, the resolutions adopted at its meetings, the various remarks and addresses of the different members, in which the peculiarities of their style were manifestly betrayed, in addition to a fair and correct copy of all their literary titles, would have been enough to gratify—nor only so—to satisfy the most itching curiosity. But how miserably were their hopes disappointed, when after the appearance of that number of their work in which all this is detailed, they still find, in undiminished prevalency, the same ignorant doubts and the same doubtful ignorance, the same "crude conjectures" and the same "misguided guesses." How were their feelings shocked at hearing the manifold theories, differing only in the degrees of their absurdity, which were presumptuously advanced as to the nature and entity of their Club.—Some reducing our *musaical* nine to a paltry committee-like three; our full and goodly chorus, to a mere trio; and giving it out as their serious opinion, that it was composed solely of the pristine editors of the Register, each hav-

ing, for *variety's* sake, endued himself with a kind of imaginary Trinity, and each, like the worthy Single, by name as well as nature an unit, playing three in himself, but the *deuce* with his readers.—Others, again, affirming the whole affair to be one of those "elegant fictions," which flit at even-tide across the brain, the ephemeral bantling of Queen Mab, a mere fantasy, a "beautiful mythos," introduced solely for effect, thus making of our worthy brothers, some of whom, for *elevation*, and others for *solidity* of *parts*, might vie with—any body—yourself, Reader, if you are large enough—making of these, I say, a mere nothingness, and of our sightly Tabernacle a vacuum.—Nor was this the worst. Others there were, even more profane than these last, who *guessed*, with a most knowing and sagacious air, that "the Polyglot Club were going to have oysters and coffee that very evening, in the third entry." Oysters and coffee! 'Think of that, Master Brook!' Bringing down the etherial essence of pure intellect and unclouded reason, the only food which the constant and terrible threatenings of a mental *dyspepsia* ("Oh ilia dura *scriptorum*") will allow us to think of, much less to digest—down, I say, to such gross and *transitory* substance as oysters and coffee!—But we forbear making further comment on so absurd an hypothesis, believing it to have been a mere "idol of the *den*," manufactured by a few sensual individuals, "whose god is their belly," who, like gluttonous Jack of old, would fain persuade themselves that the only true fountain of wisdom is a pint-pot, and the only true stimulus to wit, sack-posset and a capon, whose interminable lust for gormandizing and guzzling will not permit them (the brunt of reason notwithstanding) to become converts to that beautiful, economical, and ingenious theory of an olden philosopher, that eating is a mere habit, and may be, aye, must be, absolutely forsworn, by all who make even the smallest pretensions to authorship. Ye fools and simple! why do ye mystify that which is clear! why shut ye your eyes against the broad light of Heaven!

But enough of this. We leave such absurd theories to bide the fate of their founders, and, despising that mysterious, clap-trap air which the vulgar catch at, we proceed in pure singleness of heart and simplicity of style to continue our regular journal.

The Polyglot Club assembled punctually at the Tabernacle on —— evening at —— o'clock, (we forbear giving dates to *save time*). Dr. Democritus having taken the chair, we indulged for an hour or two in parlance sweet on that, to them (may I not say to the world?) most interesting topic, the success of the *last*, their *first* number. Brother Dashwood, to the utter confusion of all concerned, informed us, that all the authors had been discovered except two; that the "Man in the Mask" had so counterfeited his laugh that it could not be recognised; and that the "New Comer" still remained a complete "incog." Voted unanimously, that this be kept a profound secret. The following resolution was then offered by Dr. Democritus, to wit.

Although we at first were loath to demean ourselves by any in-

terference in civil factions or intrigues, yet inasmuch as even the sanctity of the Tabernacle has been disturbed by the echoes of political contention, we now deem it an imperative duty, in full conviction that it will set the question at rest, to acquaint our readers and the country at large with our opinion as to the Presidential election; therefore,

Resolved, that the Polyglot Club look with alarm and disgust upon the exertions made and making in behalf of one, who has so defied all laws of grammar and rhetoric, so sinned against the majesty of Taste, so murdered, of late, the King's English, as formerly the King's soldiers, and that, in the undoubting hope that the Topaz will ever be preferred above Ebony or Hickory either, notwithstanding the enormity of those *tropical* monsters, the "Light Houses of the Skies," we do decidedly approve the nomination of John Quincy Adams for re-election. Unanimously accepted.

It was then unanimously voted, on motion of Brother Small-talk, that,

Inasmuch as, so far from regarding "petticoat influence as a great reproach," we see, with Shakspeare, in "women's eyes, the books, the arts, the academies, that show, contain, and nourish all the world," and that, without them, "none at all in aught proves excellent," therefore,

Resolved, that some special means be immediately entered into for conciliating their favor, and that one article in every number of the work be sacredly devoted to that object.

On the acceptance of this resolution, Brother Blank Etcetera took occasion to remark that, while he perfectly coincided in the sentiment of respect towards the sex, he could not but think that it were an unnecessary and undignified task to go about conciliating the favor of any body: 'For surely,' said he, 'we, like the great Kepler, may well wait a year, aye, or a thousand years, for those who will properly estimate our work, when the world has, from its creation, been waiting for us, who might produce it; and though even for my humble part

> "I'd fret to see it lie
> Beneath the bottom of a pye,
> Or cow'd out page by page to wrap
> Up snaff or sweeties in a shap,"

Yet methinks——

The very idea of their proud productions in a situation like this, either from its terror or its *truth*, was sufficient, and the members retired in alarm and confusion from the meeting.

(Attest) S. Pry,
Secretary.

AMERICAN SOUVENIRS.

The Token. A Christmas and New Year's Present. S. G. Goodrich. Boston. 1828.
The Atlantic Souvenir. Carey & Lea. Philadelphia. 1828.

The first of January has again made its annual appearance. And although there is another New Year's day for us, we have not so entirely forgotten the world as to refuse our sympathies on this occasion. We can imagine how men pause on this day to observe their competitors in the race of existence. We can understand how the hands of friends meet with a warmer press, and the pledge of affection is kindly renewed. We enter into the joy of those but a little younger than ourselves, which lights up their merry countenances, as they gaze on new toys and new books. More than all, we feel the situation of our father (we dare not call them brother) editors, who "bite their nails," and endeavour to eke out their yearly offerings of thanks and apologies; and, like them, would express our gratitude for favors past, deplore our own inertness, and promise to do better in future.

The witty, the ingenious, and the sentimental, those whose pleasure and profit it is to weave the lace and work the embroidery of literature, have taken advantage of this season of gifts, to produce various beautiful volumes to gratify the more refined taste of the age. These Souvenirs are another proof of the omnipresence of literature, and are fast occupying the place of those worthless baubles, which have too long ministered to a sickly love for mere finery. This is right. We feel no disposition to be eloquent, if we could, in praise of letters; but we cannot shut our eyes against facts. And there is doubtless more mind, more understanding, more knowledge of the way in which human nature should be trained, exhibited in the amusements of the present day, than in those of any former period. The piping and dancing between the serious acts of life, while it has lost none of its gaiety and entertainment, has become more graceful, and exercises a healthier influence. Playthings are ceasing to be mere painted toys. We go now to the book or fancy store, not to purchase trifles "light as air," but to buy wisdom and get understanding.

In this country, these volumes seem calculated to do away, in some degree, the reproach, that our beautiful and sublime scenery is wasting its beauties and sublimity on an unfeeling and tasteless nation; whilst the legends and romantic interests connected with every mountain and valley, are left by our matter-of-fact citizens to the exaggerating tongues of tradition. Ridicule and sarcasm have at last startled the pride of our countrymen, making them anxious to rob the satire of its truth, and show, that simplicity of manners is not inconsistent with a taste to relish the beauties of nature or a genius to copy them with the pencil, and embody them in the tale or the song. Men look no longer on our rivers and mountains, only with the eyes of speculation. And whilst the important considerations of internal improvement are daily gaining more notice, the spirit of beauty has couched the blinded eyes of interest, and opened her fairy land to their gaze. Lake George has gained other notices than the geological journalist, for the creative fancy of romance has breathed over its bosom. The Connecticut no longer threads with its silver waters the hills and dales of New England unnoticed; and recent events have turned the minds of men and learned them to wonder at the terrific phenomena, the awful grandeur of the White Hills. It has at last been found, that a heart as warm and generous, as bold and daring, beat beneath the homespun garments of our fathers as ever throbbed under the plaid of a Campbell or a Macgregor. The poetry of Neal has echoed the roar of Niagara along the Atlantic's shore, and the pencil of Fisher has caught its rainbow tints, and transferred its sparkling spray to canvass.

Another merit in these works, and one which we have already alluded to, is the preference which is given to tales of our own land. While the artist has enriched them with the portraits of nature, the poet and the story-teller have, for the most part, shown equal patriotism in their productions. The wild character of the Indian, with all its moral sublimity, and its passions heightened by a wayward nobility, have been well studied and described. The different feelings which agitated the trying times of '76; the struggles between a love of peace and a love of country; the contest between a regard for man and an enthusiastic devotion to liberty, are spread before us, in the richness of our native tongue, to tune the soul to independence. The mysteries of superstition, scarcely yet dark-

ened by time, have been drawn from their gloomy chambers to startle and gratify the excited imagination. Yet all this can be hailed only as the dawning of a bright day—the lispings of our infant literature. Time must ripen our tastes. The machinery of civil and social life must be finished, and in perfect operation, before the ornaments can be well fitted on. Besides, it is in vain for the enthusiast to expect the sudden rising up of a perfect literature within a youthful nation. We are now acting the grand drama of political freedom, with the world for our audience, and to make it successful requires all our energies. It is too soon to cry, Let the moon and the stars gladden our intellectual world, for the solid foundation is but just come out of chaos.

From these remarks we may deduce the reason, why so much of our elegant literature is the work of females. Men are busied in the more solid parts of letters. They are engaged in political, scientific, and practical duties, and have little leisure to woo the Muses. This will account too for the sentiment and delicacy which distinguish our lighter works, and explain why they are pathetic, beautiful, and airy, rather than stirring, bold, and humorous. We trust that we shall not be ranked among the contemners of the sex for this suggestion. Our scale for the intellect of females is graduated as high as that for males; though its excellence is of a very different kind; necessary and equally agreeable, but softer and less bracing. It agrees with their frame—more pleasing, more finished, but less muscular and robust. It agrees with their education and duties—more calculated to please than to strengthen the mind; able to soften and polish the rough and unyielding, but unfit to command or force. Woman, as the centre of the family circle, the mother, the sister, or the wife, is a sovereign, possessing the gentle attributes of affection and persuasion. But woman, as a politician, a judge, or a divine, is as out of place, as the song and dance would be in the senate house.

To return. Notwithstanding all we have said in praise of native literature,—and its truth cannot well be contested,—are we sure that we are exulting over a real benefit to the cause of learning in this country? Will not this growing taste for elegance tend to weaken the foundation of our literature? Will it not give us the useless beauty, the evanescent perfume of the flower garden, rather than the fruits of

the orchard, the strength and grandeur of the forest? That nation, which founds its literature on fictitious and imaginative, instead of historical and philosophical works, is building a house upon the sands, which the storms of time shall utterly demolish. It is not a good omen to see every new novel and fanciful poem in the hands of all readers, whilst many a volume of truth and erudition is mouldering on the shelf, or slumbers in the mind of an author, because an intelligent public will not warm it into life. We must not look for intellectual vigor amongst a people taken up with trifles, any more than we should expect to find bodily strength in an individual who has lived upon comfits. We must not imagine that the guests will relish a substantial meal, if we hand round cakes and syllabubs before dinner. And we may be assured that, unless more attention is paid to the solid and important parts of letters, we shall acquire a taste and reputation only for tinsel productions. Unless we grow wiser, in this matter, we must look for no great works, and see our men of learning following our painters and philosophers to seek the patronage and applause of foreigners.

We placed the titles of the two best American Souvenirs at the head of this article, not for the purpose of analyzing their contents or criticising their merits, but to introduce the foregoing general remarks, which are applicable to both of them. We have room only to say further, that, with the exception of the mechanical execution of the Token, they are alike honorable to the literature of this country, and to the taste and enterprise of their intelligent publishers. Carey & Lea and Mr. Goodrich deserve the gratitude and patronage of an enlightened public, for their activity and ingenuity, for their generous outlay of capital and talents, in rivalling the beautiful English Souvenirs. No citizen need be ashamed of the literary promise of this country, and the production of her artists, so long as he is able to produce such excellent specimens of both as are contained in the Token and Atlantic Souvenir.

The Poetry of Numbers. By a Poetaster.

We beg pardon of our readers for delaying so long our notice of this remarkable work, and at the same time we would congratulate our "extraordinary age" on the recovery of this long-hidden treasure. This little book, which is destined to exert so great an influence on the human mind, appears clad in a most modest and unpretending garb. It seeks not to attract our attention by splendor of gilding or luxury of type; the paper is neither wire-wove nor hot-pressed, and its pages are not embellished by costly engravings, by which, in common-place books, the weary reader is refreshed, and encouraged to proceed in his heavy task of perusing their contents. Our author is also most laudably concise, which is no small merit in these voluminous times; his ideas are not diluted by a multitude of words, but are condensed into as small a compass as possible, and consequently make the most forcible impression on the understanding and the memory. As the Principia of Newton (a kindred spirit) was originally comprised in twelve propositions, so this wonderful invention is set forth and explained in a manner intelligible to the meanest capacity in twelve small pages. But preliminary observations are proverbially dull, so let us proceed to grapple at once with our subject.

The "Poetry of Numbers" is a treatise explaining a method of making Latin verse; whereby, to borrow the words of the title page, "any one of ordinary capacity may be taught to make thousands of hexameter and pentameter verses, which shall be true Latin, true verse, and good sense." By some singular freak of fortune its illustrious author is called by the harsh and unpoetical name of John Peter; but this is of little importance, for fame's silver trumpet makes all names musical. His method of making Latin verses is by arranging letters into tables, each letter occupying a square; the words are formed by combining these letters by means of any six of the nine digits; for, to continue our quotations, "great is the force of numbers in the discovery of nature's secrets; without its assistance this device had never been attained, but must have lain latent and undiscovered amongst the insolite and unacquainted secrets of art." The process may be

clearly understood by referring to the original work, which, of course, every body will buy immediately on the perusal of this article. This book will find favor in the eyes, not only of those who are amateurs in the 'gay science,' and occasionally flirt with the Muses, but also of those stern practical moralists, who despise the vain jingle of rhyme, and eschew the bootless trade of verse-making; for, to use the author's words, as his admirable ideas derive additional strength and beauty from his peculiar felicity of expression, "each of the verses thus formed are capable of a double reading, and oftentimes of a translation which may be adduced in aid of moral and correct habits;" which position he illustrates by the following pithy and original aphorism, which is freely translated from a line which the author forms from his tables, by way of example,

> Sensuality leads to drunkenness, *or*
> Habitual intoxication leads to sensuality.

For this maxim alone the Society for the Suppression of Intemperance ought to vote him a statue of gold. How skilfully is the instructive blended with the amusing; our character is improved as our understanding is perfected; taste has become the handmaid of virtue, and poetry and morality have kissed each other.

We presume that we have said enough to make every one fully appreciate the merits of this rare invention, whose sober reality is far more wonderful than Swift's imaginary machine for book-making, which Gulliver saw at Laputa. The adage, "poeta nascitur, non fit," in which simple grandfathers believed, is here most triumphantly refuted. Now every man that can count his fingers is able to "build the lofty rhyme;" the divine *afflatus* has become the breath of our nostrils, and Pegasus stands ready saddled and bridled at every one's door. There is no need now of thumbing the leaves of a Rhyming Dictionary or a Gradus; we are not doomed to the toil of climbing up Parnassus. Our path lies smooth and plain before us, without asperities to be removed or elevations to be surmounted, and, as is beautifully said by a great poet, who it is to be regretted did not enjoy the benefit of this invention, "so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."

Tables for making verses! what a blissful sound to thou-

sands of poor devils, who are at this moment plying, with weary arm, the literary oar. The fortunate author need not now have recourse to his usual methods of working himself up into a proper poetical *furor*, such as biting his nails, looking up to the ceiling, knitting his brows, scratching his head, gnawing his pen, &c.; he may sit quietly in his elbow chair and manufacture his wares without either mental stimulus or exhaustion, and with as little fatigue as if he were taking an afternoon's nap. Any benevolent man, who has seen an unhappy wretch writhing in the throes of a poetical parturition, will bless, with tears in his eyes, the memory of the illustrious John Peter. Editors of newspapers need not now press out from their oft-squeezed brains a copy of very little verses to fill up an empty corner, for their youngest devil can now make as good lines as they; though to be sure this might have been said of some of the ungentle craft before the invention of the tables. The poet shall no longer be known by his wan cheek and clouded brow, his face shall be wreathed into a perpetual smile, and shall glow with the ruddy hue of health and cheerfulness. But it is needless to enter into these details; no one can presume to say where the consequences of this invention will end. A glorious poetical millenium is at hand, when our old men shall see visions and our young men shall dream dreams; when that rare gift of numbers, as we now say, shall be every one's heritage; when the golden key of Poetry, which unlocks all the treasures of nature and art, shall be put into every man's hand; and when Miss Matilda's thousand and one "dear friends" shall furnish a piece of original poetry for her Album.

Apropos of Albums—for thanks to Mr. Peter, we can now speak with sufficient firmness on this most melancholy subject. If there is any lady who honors us so much as to read our poor pages, we hope she will pardon this ungallant remark; we profess the most profound admiration for the fairer half of creation, and believe that, like kings, they can do no wrong; but we must say, that the inventor of Albums contrived a most ingenious instrument of torture for the male sex. On this topic we are peculiarly sensitive; we speak from dread experience; we relate, like Æneas, only "quæque miserrima vidimus." It was once a sad thing to be on the acquaintance list of any young lady who kept a book of this kind, for sooner or later your hour came, and you heard the ominous words,

"You will confer a great favor on me by inserting a few lines from your pen"—at the same time, gilding the bitter pill by a dexterous piece of flattery, such as, "I know Mr. —— by your conversation that you can write poetry," or, "It is only my particular friends that I permit to write," accompanying all this with a soft, sweet smile that no mortal could resist. You accept, of course for who ever heard of saying "no" to a lady. What is the most provoking of all is, that, notwithstanding this manœuvring, the fair creatures imagine that they are conferring a great favor on you, and that you can tag verses together with as much ease as they write a card of invitation; they seem to think that a man keeps his brains, like wine in a cask, and that all he has to do is to bottle them off when wanted. The Album is put into your hands, a finical looking book, bound in red morocco, and formidably gilt, garnished with paintings of roses, and other flowers which it would puzzle a botanist to name, with yokes of doves looking interesting with all their might, and sundry other quaint devices too numerous to mention, and filled with "sweet pretty" pieces of poetry, written in a tall, slim, Italian hand. The horrible reality of your situation breaks in upon you by degrees; you must make a quantity of lines, each of which shall have sense, as well as a rhyme, that these lines must be put together so as to *seem* to mean something, and all must be transcribed in a fair hand without scratch or blot. You sit down at length, with feelings which language cannot paint, to your melancholy task, worse than making bricks without straw, or weaving ropes out of sea-sand.—But we must stop. Our feelings overpower us, and we weep, like Sterne, at the picture our own imagination has drawn. But, as we said before, thanks to Mr. Peter, this bitter root, so prolific of woe, is at length destroyed; we may now bid defiance to the whole generation of Albums, and we shall not now enquire whether a young lady keeps one or not, before we venture to be introduced to her.

The Polyglot Club, desirous to diffuse as widely as possible the benefits resulting from this great discovery, intend to open a poetical warehouse, and they flatter themselves, that they shall be able to furnish a sufficient quantity of that article to meet the demands of the home consumption. Brother Small-talk (who is a great mechanical genius) proposes to construct, on Mr. Peter's principles, a machine for making

English poetry, which shall be worked by a horse power. We respectfully solicit a portion of the public patronage; our terms shall be reasonable, and all orders shall be punctually performed and with the utmost despatch. We recommend our proposals to the serious consideration of editors of papers, of managers of theatres, of drawing room poets, and young gentlemen in love. We shall endeavour to suit the peculiar taste of every one who shall honor us with his custom; our poems shall be on any subject whatever, and written in any style, sublime or ridiculous, dignified or familiar, serious or playful, humorous or elegiac, witty or didactic, as the case may be, and in any required measure, from the majestic cadence of Milton to the easy jingle of Butler. We will engage to manufacture an epic poem, in twelve cantos, at three months' notice, and the machinery shall be found for nothing. A five act tragedy or comedy we will furnish, a month after application, with the proper number of screams, starts, exclamations, grimaces and puns, begging, at the same time, to be excused from supplying the oaths and *double-entendres*. And we will warrant our tragedies to be as laughable, and our comedies as sad, as any of the popular pieces of the day, begging pardon at the same time for the vanity of the assertion. We have no doubt that we shall accommodate ourselves to the taste of the age, for our satires shall have every excellence but wit, our epigrams shall be perfect excepting a point, and our songs shall be very beautiful but without any meaning. Such articles as are most in demand, we shall constantly keep on hand, such as odes to the Evening Star, sonnets to Inez, to Ginevra, and the Moon; verses addressed to Miss ——, Morning and Evening Thoughts, Misanthropic Musings, &c. &c. We shall also keep constantly an extensive assortment of similies, illustrations, and metaphors, some entirely new, and others a little worn. Terms, cash or approved credit. Common sense, however, will be taken in exchange.

Communications must be addressed, post paid, to the Secretary of the Polyglot Club.

FRIENDSHIP.

"But by friendship, I suppose you mean the greatest love, and the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the most exemplar faithfulness, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable." TAYLOR.

THE savage may range the woods, like the lion, alone; he may, if he choose, maintain the brutal independence of the Stoic. Even the savage, however, finds it agreeable to attach himself to some one of his tribe, with whom he may hunt and fight in company; who will manifest by his howl of joy or sorrow, his uncouth sympathy with his brother's success or misfortune. But civilized man is not at liberty to make his choice. He must associate with his fellow men, he must depend upon them; and there are certain relations toward them which he is compelled to fulfil. It is friendship that must render these inevitable relations, the source of comfort and delight.

It has sometimes been said, that friendship is narrow in its tendency and nature, and contracteth the minds that are resigned to its sweet influences. We refuse to visit with christian prodigality of love the whole family of man, and we count out the little number of those on whom the dews of our kindness shall fall. The objection loses its force, when we look at the real, instead of the romantic world. The characters of men, the circumstances of our situation, and the nature of our affections, make it impossible for us to admit the multitude to the sacred confidence of friendship. We might with equal wisdom, attempt to impregnate the salt sea with exquisite spices, as waste upon mankind at large, such delicate attachment. No philosophy, no religion expects or permits so wanton a sacrifice. The earth is full of trees, plants, and streams; nature is bountiful and fair; but it is not till men have built enclosures, and made private and peculiar, the riches, aids, and resources that before were common, that we behold gardens of fruits and beds of flowers. Moreover, the faithful friend will be the generous philanthropist. It may be, we best develope and perfect the charities of our nature, when we concentrate upon a few eminent objects, their sweetness and power.

All men of gifted intellect and fine genius must entertain a noble idea of friendship. A temperament peculiarly affectionate is not needful to give them a true conception of its purposes and duties. The force of reason alone, is sufficient to this end. They who have been accustomed to solitary meditation, to agitate in their own breast acute and bold speculations, and to cherish thoughts worth bartering for the reflections of other minds, are capable of estimating the pleasures which are shared with a kindred intelligence. Another soul, with all its divinely furnished chambers of wit and wisdom, its faculties, sensibilities, perceptions, is opened, like a new creation, to their excited curiosity. They have found one to whom they may intrust the minute results of their daily and hourly observations and thoughts; with whom they may discuss characters without danger of offence, and decide on points of taste, without incurring the reproach of vanity or dogmatism. One in whose society they may take refuge from all external trouble, as the persecuted Greek in the sanctity of his temples. They may sport with him in the hour of merry humour; they may make him the treasurer of the wealth of their understanding and their heart. He will help them to practice upon that sublime but difficult philosophy *Γνωθι Σεαυτον*. From his researches in our little world within, we may draw that science of ourselves, so essential to our welfare.

These are some of the intellectual advantages and offices of friendship. It is the Affections that seek out the individual to whom we shall be thus closely bound, and give to the connexion its beauty and charm. These affections seem governed by laws whose principle we have not quite detected. I forbear the fruitless attempt to uncover the sacred concealment of their operation. They appear to break from the attraction of selfish interest, as seeds shoot upward in opposition to mechanical pressure. They avoid the rich and splendid; they are not always found by the side of admiration and respect. There is a sunshine of prosperity too hot and bright for their sturdy growth. They court not the regards of the great, or the popular, or the fashionable. They are not won by studied courtesy nor fair entertainment. Our praise, we are content to lavish on the crowd of claimants that knock at our door and beg it. Our reverence, we are constrained to

yield where it is due, to rank, merit, talents. But our affections, we give not thus easily.

"The *hand* of Douglas is his own."

We select from the crowd in which we move, an individual on whom fame, perhaps, has never smiled; who has never been bloated with the adulation of flatterers, nor worn down with the vexations of life, nor sapped by its dissipation. One whose mind, to use a bold figure, has the fresh smell and bloom of youth; whose feelings and perceptions however different from our own, yet acknowledge the same standard and pursue the same ideal excellence. For such an one we delight to nourish our choicest sympathies. And such intercourse necessarily tends to refine our temper. The countenance which is cold and reserved to others, here beams with genial light. The indifference which chills and the satire which afflicts the rest of our associates, is here exchanged for the most attentive kindness. Or if nature be too strong for us, if the fire be not quenched, it plays innocuous, like the lambent flame about the head of Iulus.

We have already said, that the affections manifest in some instances a "respect for persons," for which we can in no wise account. We occasionally feel for one, a sudden fondness, that almost inclines us to believe, with Socrates, that this life is all a reminiscence; that we have been acquainted formerly in other regions of the universe; and that we have now only renewed an old friendship, which slumbered in the soul until aroused by the presence of its pristine object. This may be fancy; there is in earthly intimacies much that is imaginary; yet they are lovely and blessed imaginations.

There is a single consideration, which apart from all others, might consecrate these tender alliances. I mean, the power of friendship to foster, nay to create the virtues. Friendship does not require, in order to its existence, all amiable qualities. It can subsist on a few. But it tends gradually to elicit more and brighter graces, till the fair circle is filled up. And this great work it accomplishes, partly by direct and open influence, and partly by a mysterious process which assimilates, we know not how, the characters of friends. Plato asks rightly, "*ηδη τινα εἰδες σοφον ὁτιοῦν ἀδυνατοντια ποιησαι αλλον σοφον ἁπερ αυτος*;"* And if such be the ability of wis-

* Knowest thou any wise man unable to make another wise in the things wherein he is wise? *The First Alcibiades.*

dom alone, what may we not expect from its marriage with affection?

There are many who consort together, merely to assist each other's amusement. Men who plan and execute their sport in common, who have sung and roared at the same tables. They have no uncomfortable curiosity about the characters of their associates; they do not care to understand their dispositions and thoughts. They are content if their intercourse be undisturbed by jealousy and meanness. Into that inner sanctuary of the soul, they have never offered to look; they entertain and are entertained in an anti-chamber. These are what Plutarch terms the "εἴδωλα καὶ μιμήματα τῆς φιλίας." Let them enjoy it if they can; this half-faced fellowship, this familiarity without love, this mockery of friendship. For my own part, I am willing to take society as I find it; to bow to men that bow to me, without particular fondness or respect. I am willing to lose an hour in gossip with persons whom good men hold cheap. All this I will do, out of regard to the decent conventions of polite life. But my friends I must know, and knowing I must love. There must be a daily beauty in their life that shall secure my constant attachment. I cannot stand upon the footing of ordinary acquaintance. Friendship is aristocratical—the affections which are prostituted to every suitor, I will not accept.

One thing is certain. No wise man can pretend indifference to the good-will of his neighbours. No man may whisper to his own heart, or signify to others by a lofty negligence, that he needs nothing at their hands. Human pride will turn upon this gratuitous contempt. The most triumphant satirist, whose raillery has rung long and loud against the weaknesses, the humble virtues, or the pardonable failings of his fellowmen, will meet a severe though tardy retribution. He will meet it in the averted look of the countenance which turns with kindness on all beside; in the solitude of his joys and his sorrows; in the cold salutation, where all beside are greeted with warmth, in the little space which will always be left about him, while others are pressing affectionately together. The curse of Eastern malignity is on his head; the sun warms, the breezes cool, the waters moisten him not; he is excluded from the circle of humanity and the influence of its best feelings.

WHAT! WRITE A POEM?

What! write a *poem?* no, 'twill never do;
Rhymes we can match, and measure *verses* too;
For, thanks to Heaven, an easy age is ours,
Since rhyming Walker saved the minstrel's powers:
Such aids as Pope and Dryden never knew,
We'll prove them well, for Byron found them true;
And should we find ourselves in want of rhyme,
The little book will save a deal of time.

APOSTROPHE TO WALKER.

Thrice blest be thy pate,
O thou who hast given
A road to Parnassus,
So delightfully even;
Let us all travel thither,
And rhyme it together,
Till at length we be seated in the poet's third heaven;
And there will we sing of John Walker the glorious,
How he made the rhymes that made us victorious.

O miser must the poet be, who spends
His hours and brains in search of rhyming ends,
When two and three pence would procure the whole,
And swell his page with melody and soul.
Shades of departed bards! how would ye weep,
To find that rhymes were selling off so cheap.
How wondrous is the change! in days before,
Great was the work to write even half a score
Of lines per day; the greatest could no more;
But now, forsooth, we scorn such vain delay,
We can write Epics in a single day.
That *ends* should fail us never is our care,
With such a friend as Rhyming Dictionnaire.
Let's try—I wish to sing the gentle breeze—
See, Walker gives me "*these*," and "*freeze*," and "*trees*,"
And triplets follow with a treble ease.
Could mighty Spencer but revisit earth,
How would he thank the gods for Walker's birth.

"My Faerie Queene," again he cries, "I'll sing,
And deftly[1] will I tune my verses o'er;
Four rhymes a stanza is an easy thing,
Though I whilom did find it noyance sore
An endless bale,[2] perdie, ycleped a bore;
For certes, so it hight[3] in modern days;
Dan Walker gives me now the rhymis four—

[1] skilfully. [2] trouble. [3] is called.

With muckle glee I'll tune again my lays,
Withouten moil[4] eftsoons[5] I'll carol to the fays."

But rhyme's not all; you surely want some mind—
O that, my friend, I easily shall find;
For in this happy, book-increasing age,
But half a thought is plenty for a page.
But then your measure will not do, I fear;
Is't certain that you have a poet's ear?
A poet's ear? What do you mean, my friend?
I count my fingers—one, two, till the end;
And should I chance to hobble now and then,
I've only counted nine instead of ten.

This piece has been criticized—I mean to resent it,
So 'faith,' like old Burnie, I'm determined "to prent it."

DRESS.

It is a trifling and somewhat thankless task to trace the effects which the quality of a man's coat has upon his temper and behavior. One thinks it an insult to his nature to hint, that the "immortal mind" can be at all affected by the state of the covering of this poor, perishable frame, or body of ours. But the ship is guided by a very small helm. The human mind, with all its vast powers, its mighty energies, is affected by matters in themselves utterly trifling and insignificant.

Johnson says, that a man with a good coat on his back, is more respected, than he who has a shabby one. My corollary from this axiom is, that he is the happier man of the two, for the simple reason, that a man is always pleased with others in exactly the same proportion in which they are pleased with himself. When I see a crowd of people with smiling faces, collected upon any occasion, I often ask myself the question, How much of their gaiety is to be attributed to the awkward, but rarely-worn finery in which they are arrayed?

Have we not all felt that the old coat was in harmony with study? When arrayed in a holiday suit, are we not afraid

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[4] difficulty. [5] immediately.

of disturbing dusty dictionaries, and do we not shrink from our books? Nay, even the worthy Dominie Sampson, though usually far removed from all sublunary things, could not help remarking, with his usual sagacity, "that the air of the place seemed to agree marvellously with his garments; for that his coat (which, by the way, he had never worn before) looked almost as good as new." An old coat seems to be a sort of armor, which when we have girded on, we are ready to grapple with any giants in the path of learning, or to break a lance with any sturdy proposition which threatens to stop our progress.

I know not a more ludicrous sight than to see a man, whose life has been one of engrossing study or unceasing drudgery, tricked out in a fashionable dress. The whole being seems to have undergone a change. Without any miracle the "Deformed" is indeed "Transformed." The man seems to have put on a new set of ideas. His language is a curious compound of the technical phrases of his calling, and fashionable chat. He who yesterday was seen hurrying to his business, or turning over his lexicon, is now sauntering about, proud of himself, and pleased with every body he meets. All is sunshine and gayety. But soon the force of long habit returns upon him; and the next day finds him at his leger or in his library, the same secluded, moping being as before; heartily ashamed, it may be, of the vain and affected part which he has been playing.

It was a saying of no very gallant admirer of the sex, "that God had given them one face, and they had made for themselves another." I would add, that God had given them one temper, and dress another. For, methinks, the fair being who appears in the assembly, radiant with smiles, breathing nought but sweetness and gentleness, is a very different personage from her who sips her coffee in a morning dress, and scolds at her children, and quarrels with her servants.

I know that a saint or a sage, in a threadbare coat, is still the same illustrious character. I know that Plato, lecturing in the gardens of the academy in a tattered robe, or Cicero, haranguing in the forum, with his toga awry, would be listened to with as much delight as the elegant Epicurus, or the gallant and sightly lover of Cleopatra. Wise men may say, that such a trifling affair ought not to affect for a moment the state of the human mind. But poor human nature and philosophy

are at issue upon this matter, as upon many others; and the former, making up for its weakness by cunning and activity, always contrives to elude the attack of its sturdy but less nimble antagonist.

It is curious to observe how little this subject has been noticed by writers. The reason is obvious. Every one has been eager to keep out of sight this weakness of our nature. But though it be a weakness, it is still a pardonable one. Men ought to be forgiven for wishing that this goodly frame of ours, with its fine proportions, its grace and majesty, should be arrayed in a garb worthy of the lord of earth.

How strangely prepossessed are we, at first sight, in favor of a man of fashion. It seems to us, that so fair a temple can never be the abode of any thing mean or disgusting. We think that an obscene word would soil his splendid array; that face, now brightened by a smile of good nature, we cannot believe to have been ever furrowed by a frown, or distorted by a sneer.

But after all, what is the use of prosing about such a thing as dress? The truth is, that we must not consider too curiously the frailties and imperfections of human nature. For we shall find a great many errors to be corrected, and among others a fondness for, and deference to outward display. He that ransacks society, spies into its abuses, will not be any the wiser for his pains; for he will only discover what every body knew before, and what every body tacitly conceals,—and none the happier; for these errors, whatever they may be, will never be amended. Let us then replace the veil which we have withdrawn from one of the weaknesses of our nature, and not raise any cynical complaint against so harmless a passion as the love of dress.

NOTICES OF AMERICAN POETS, NUMBER III.

Bref, il s' en tire.

LAFONTAINE.

In short, he gets out of the scrape as well as he can.

TRANSLATION.

Conclusion.

WHEN any great public personage retires from the world, it is usual for him to send out his last dying speech and con-

fessions; particularly if said public personage finds it necessary to leave the stage in a manner rather more agreeable to the spectators than to himself. For instance, if his descendants thenceforward forever should by his exertions be allowed to make an addition to their escutcheon, running a little after the Hibernian's coat of arms; which was two posts rampant, a beam jacent, a rope pendant, and a son of Erin at the end of it. Now as the noticer of the American Poets never has been, and probably never may be in danger of finishing his career in any of the above alluded to methods, he thinks it proper to state that his only reason for discontinuance is, the editors inform him that, in the opinion of those who take the trouble to think on the subject, he is entitled to more kicks than coppers for his labors.

We are very sorry for this, for there are among the five hundred American poets two or three very clever fellows, whom we should really like to see standing some chance for immortality. And after all our poring over old magazines to acquire the information; to be prohibited the pleasure of conveying it to others, is a deprivation,——rather greater probably to the writer than to the reader.

Before commencing our sketches, we had no idea that there were so many pretenders to poetic fame as we have found. Much more were we astonished to meet with so many who may be considered as displaying no small portion of poetic ardor in their writings, and of poetic incident in their histories. There is Clifton, of an equally amiable disposition, an equally unfortunate fate with Kirk White; and we had almost said of an equally high-toned genius. There is Linn, a distinguished preacher, and by no means a contemptible poet in his day; who also died at an early age, and whose good fortune it was to find in Brown a faithful and beautiful recorder of his merits and his fate. And to mention no other examples, there is Paine, in whose productions may be found all the beauties, though they may be defaced by all the faults of composition. Of a rich humor, a brilliant wit, an exuberant fancy, and a condensed manner of expression, all that he needed to make the perfect poet, were greater industry, and a nicely cultivated taste. For though he labored considerably on his writings, it was on particular couplets, and in giving an epigrammatic point to detached sentences, rather than in correcting and polishing the piece as a whole.

But the dry detail of dates, and the dull recapitulation of the productions of the remaining four hundred and ninety poets, is a kind of information whose utility may be doubted as well as its interest. This among other reasons induced us to recede as soon as possible from the task we had voluntarily imposed upon ourselves. After we had formed this determination, it was necessary to communicate the important intelligence to the world; which must console itself with the promise which we here make of writing an article on College Poets in some future number of the Register,—say the two hundredth.

FRUSTA EXLICIA.

Sunt bona? sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.

"How very unpleasant and awkward a commencement is,"—sighed Lady Restless, as she flirted her fan in the middle of a long valedictory, not many years since. "Oh by no means!" exclaimed her aged maiden sister, as she caught the "valete puellæ," which the poor orator was lisping forth so tenderly.—Now that 's not at all singular that two sisters should not agree upon so very disagreeable a subject,—thought I,—for my own part I hate all commencements of every kind. To help the matter on, and to fill out my pages, I have prepared a journal, which I now lay before you in its appropriate livery of black—and white.

Tuesday, 27th of November,—Polyglot Register made its appearance. The idea appeared to take with some—for, clever souls, they turned round and took the book, "with a lyric-panegyric." But there were others who attacked the club without mercy, and accused us of a thousand things we never dreampt of—of copying the Etonian, because, forsooth, that *ended* with the tenth number, and we *begin* with the tenth. And after looking at the title of the pieces, they accused us of being self-sufficient and foolish.—Now, sirs, that is altogether going too far; as a club we do not, to be sure, "think small beer of ourselves," and no one who was ever at the tabernacle would blame us for that; still we profess to arrogate nothing to ourselves—what you call folly was written in a very sober mood,—there being a heavy fine

staring us in the face—take it in that mood, if you like no other. On one day of the thanksgiving recess, an inveterate card player met me, and asked me if I could tell him, what were trumps, or rather, correcting himself, if I could give him the definition of *Frusta Exlicia*.—I plead ignorance and tried to escape:—"But stop," said he, "it must have some meaning, and you"—"and I am sure it has no meaning," answered I, "or at least no meaning that any one can understand." "Oh the deuce take such tricks,"—quoth he, and turned upon his heel.

Monday, 3d of December, I wrote a note to one who *appeared* remarkably opposed to the Polyglot, inviting him to join that body. In about an hour after, the following note was handed to me. "My dear Sir—I am aware that I let drop some unguarded expressions, respecting the club—I beg you would forget them,—they were owing—owing—yes sir, they were owing to—I cannot exactly say what.—I have accepted your invitation with great pleasure, and shall hereafter remain your most obedient and obliged servant, The Vicar of Bray." Mum! thought I, so you have swallowed the bait, hook and all.—My note was an illegal one, therefore you are welcome to it.

Tuesday. Looking over the Register I found some sad mistakes—black for white, and white for black.—Pope Sixtus was obliged to attach ten pages of errata to a work containing only 170 in all. If his infallibility was so erring, you cannot expect much of us. Besides, it has been determined that all jokes shall hereafter be left to the printer's *devil*;—of course, if our text is correct it will be quite dull and sober.—About dusk this afternoon I received a poetical Essay on Intemperance as connected with the Agricultural interest; the motto appeared to be, "Farmer con rumque cano"—perhaps I read it wrong, for there was but little light—the ominous words, "For the Harvard Register," at the end of the piece, were too plain to be mistaken.—I tossed the missal into the fire—and, if I remember, it burned quickly.

Wednesday—Began to think about resuming my Frusta, took a dictionary for the purpose, turned over the pages from beginning to end, as I have often done before when looking for a Greek word in the English part of the lexicon, that is to say, without success. Ere long I very naturally fell asleep, and was just getting quite interested in a dream, when I was

suddenly awaked, and well might I start, for I had dropped the whole English language—"vox faucibus hæsit," thought I in Latin. I picked up the book and proceeded in my meditations—"oh what a fall was there—then U and I and all of them fell down." Soon after this, Brother Sturdy dropped in to make me a *friendly* call—much obliged to him—but out of sheer revenge I must sketch his character. He has already been described as prone to the very *interesting* practice of grumbling; though I hardly think justice was done him, for he appeared only to grumble at our meetings, whereas he grumbles at every thing, at every place, and at every season. In summer he grumbles at the heat, in winter at the cold, in spring at the mud, in fall at the wind. When conversation runs upon subjects with which he is unacquainted, he grumbles because he knows nothing; and when the topic is familiar to him, he grumbles at—he knows not what. Yet all this, I am sorry to say, in no wise distinguishes Tristam from many around him, all of whom seem to be hunting out something to complain of, as though complaining were "their being's end and aim." They persevere, with worse than blind obstinacy, in making every thing help them only to be more and more miserable. They are welcome to their gloomy feelings.—But I must return to Sturdy. He is remarkable for boasting of a long line of ancestors distinguished for military prowess. Soon after I first got acquainted with him, he discoursed a full hour upon the subject, and would have proved to my satisfaction, had I not been asleep, that some one of his progenitors had figured in every action that ever took place. In order to compare the merits of the paternal and the maternal sides, he has treasured up a great number of military expressions, a catalogue of ghastly wounds, and gotten by rote the names of all offensive and defensive weapons. In short, Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, and the sentry-box are nothing to him. He would out-general them in half a campaign: so skilful has his ancestral hobby made him. And were it not that war with him is rather a *grumbling* trade, he would live quite happy in the enjoyment of the thousand advantages thereof that Juvenal enumerates.

Eccentrics.—It is a well established historical fact, that, formerly, young men frequently emigrated to Cambridge, who, during their College life, from some odd trait or other, were distinguished by the title of Eccentrics. The race ap-

pears now to be extinct, or so degenerated as hardly to deserve the name. From history and tradition we gather the following facts respecting them. Each class seldom contained more than one of them, since, like birds of ill omen, they generally flew alone, and all of them had particular hobbies, which were often attached to their names for the sake of distinction. The most remarkable instance of eccentricity was exhibited in one Christopher Jones, as I shall call him, who was in college about the year 17— to be precise. Every thing about him was odd; his dress, his gait, his looks, his speech were all strange; but his hobby was stranger still— it was a pig;—he rode it not, for he was eccentric enough to be very merciful; yet it was his hobby. At the proper season of the year a pig was procured and introduced with no small ceremony into his classical quarters. Jones had fitted up one of his studies in what a punning classmate was wont to call 'a piguliar style,' and in this habitation, now occupied by such Goths as blacking-bottles, lamp-feeders, and lexicons, our young porker lived happily, until a sad day towards the end of the term, when he was sent to the butcher, and soon after placed in every tempting shape that the cookery of those times could afford, before an all-devouring, laughter-loving, and warm-hearted corps of droll Cristy's classmates.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

We have assumed for our humble essays the title of historical sketches, not because we had any design of giving a clear and connected account of our Alma Mater, but from the necessity we were under, of prefixing some title to our undertaking. We hope, therefore, that we shall not be criticised too harshly, if we sometimes wander aside from the direct path of history, in search of whatever may excite our interest or awaken our curiosity. Indeed, to give a history of Harvard without detailing any of the circumstances connected with her, would be altogether uninteresting, as it might be almost comprised in the single sentence, containing the

date of foundation, and an account of the few changes which she had undergone.

These remarks have been suggested by the difficulties we encountered in endeavouring to gather, from her musty records, some information concerning the societies which existed in this institution in ancient times; for we had intended, in this number, to have given an account of all the different clubs and associations, which have been formed in college from its foundation to the present period. But we found that we had undertaken an Herculean task; for we discovered that there were, in ancient times, numberless societies, of whose existence we had not before even dreamed, whose very names have long since faded away and are forgotten; and many others, of which so little is now known, that all the information we can glean concerning them, amounts to nothing more, than that they were, but are not; they have been, and are gone. We shall therefore content ourselves with giving a slight sketch of a few of the most important societies that yet survive the all-destroying hand of time.

Going back therefore as far only as we have any authentic accounts, we can ascend no higher than the year 1770, and although we know that there were numberless societies which had existed previous to this period, as, for instance, a society for the study of the medical science, and many others of the like kind, yet we shall pass over in silence the space of time that elapsed between the first foundation of the college and this year. It may not be amiss, however, to remark here, that there is a society still existing, the date of whose foundation is lost far back in high antiquity; a society, in all probability, coeval with the institution itself; a society, founded by our puritan fathers themselves, or by their immediate descendants; a society for the promotion of religious improvement. Read this, ye who believe the tales that scoffers tell, ye who believe the scandal that was issued forth to the public, in the year ——, under the specious form of a Christian Almanac, in which it was stated that there was but one religious student in Cambridge College. We should like to inquire of the person who edits that work, where he gained his information, and who was the person alluded to. In 1770, a society was formed by several undergraduates, which had for its object the improvement of its members in speaking and debating. This society has undergone many changes, and

has, at different times, received a great variety of different names, but it at length assumed that of the Fraternity of 1770, which it retained until it became amalgamated with the Akribologoumenoi in 1825. Originally we believe that no regard was paid to collegiate rank in the choice of its members; but in the course of time this grew into use, and a law was passed limiting the number of its members to the first twenty scholars in each class. It had a small library, which was joined to that of the Akribologoumenoi when the societies were united.

Following implicitly the order of our dates, we come next to speak of the Harvard Washington Corps. This association appears to have been first formed by a few public spirited individuals, and to have received its first loan of arms at that period. It still bears the motto which it at first assumed, "Tam Marti quam Mercurio." It was at this time called the Marti Mercurian Band. The chivalrous spirit which called into existence this illustrious band faded away, and the association itself fell into decline shortly after its first establishment. But in December of the year 1811, it was revived under the patronage of Governor Gerry, received a new loan of arms, and took the name of the Harvard Washington Corps, which it bears to this day. At the establishment of the Gymnasium, the corps received a third loan of arms, and was again re-organized, admitting all classes to its ranks, and is at present attached to the Gymnasium. It numbers among its officers many of the men most distinguished in the community for literary acquirements, and has undoubtedly, by the healthful exercise which it promotes, been of essential service to the university.

The next society in order, of which we have any authentic information, is the Phi Beta Kappa, and the short account which we shall give of this, we have taken the liberty to quote from a contemporary writer, who, in speaking of this association, thus remarks: "The fraternity of the *Φ. B. K.* was originally chartered as a society in William and Mary's College in Virginia. From the fraternity there established, the branch in Cambridge received its charter in 1781. It was accordingly regarded as an affiliated society, and in some measure subjected to the parent institution. But upon the decay of William and Mary's College, the *Φ. B. K.* connected with that institution was dissolved, and ever since that

period, the alpha of the institution has been in Cambridge. The society has been prospered, and has gained the good will of the community. Affiliated societies have been established at Yale, Dartmouth, Union, and Bowdoin Colleges; and they number among their members, many of the eminent men in our country."

A NEW VIEW OF THE COLLEGES.

We have seen the drawing from which the Messrs. Pendletons of Boston are about publishing a Lithographic View of the University. It was taken from the Burial Ground, and presents a much bolder and more correct picture of the various buildings than has ever before been given. As the price is to be moderate, we have no doubt that the publishers will be liberally rewarded by the students and other friends of the institution.